**Perseid Meteor Showers**

Christopher Buckley

The night finds us out

in the yard waiting for streaks,

the slant and shreds of ice and dust,

nails of light driving through us

just for show, all the air going out

of our expectations, the scars of light

stamped across our occipital lobes,

our eyes now much like the thin skin

over daffodils before they burst

out in bloom. . . .

 The stars

are as scattered as the years—lost

like the sound of a sled pulled through

fresh snow—and are indecipherable . . .

the world’s meaning or need long hidden

and ignored, like the hunting party

on the walls of Alta Mira, the polychrome

buffalos and beasts we can no longer name. . . .

Let’s suppose some radar in our brains

calls us out each time, tags the white

flashes falling against August

with an old meaning that pulses along

our wrists and has us gazing north

as if we were tied to some nebula

stumbling along but not yet drawn

into the gullet of time . . . the murmuring

of the spheres, a music beneath which

we were once at peace sitting with a glass

of something clear, the clouds of the past

wandering through the soul, starlight

echoing at the end of the road,

heaven rooted in nothing beyond

the reflections of our fears, undisguised.